



LIFE



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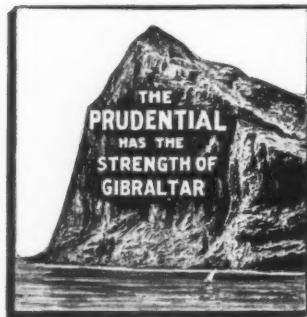
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when her husband's policy, on which premium payments had ceased, was paid in full. She did not realize that an **Extended Insurance Clause** is found in all regular ordinary Life Insurance policies now issued by **The Prudential**.

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A Woman's Confessional

THE apothegm, Platonism and epigram have been done to death in recent smart literature.

Incited thereto by the popular success of several publications of short and more or less witty paragraphs, some writers seem to have gone epigram-mad. Although expressed in epigram form, the truths in Madame Helena Woljeska's "*A Woman's Confessional*" are not intended to be "smart." They are drawn from real life, from actual experience, bitter at times, joyous at others, but all expressing some phase of a life that has been lived. Some of them may express erroneous views, but they throb with vivid actuality. The dainty little book may be had of all dealers or will be sent to any address, on receipt of seventy-five cents, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

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LIFE



THE RETURN OF COL. WM. JENNINGS BRYAN
After Delort

Excoriating Corey

OUR neighbor, the *Times*, published a powerful moral editorial on the Corey divorce, and has since devoted much of its space to letters from admirers who sympathize with its reflections. The editorial was a good piece;



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST
Unpleasant

it gave Corey ballyhoo, and so far as it appears he deserved it. It is true that when a man's wife gets a divorce it leaves a bad smooch on his character. It is true in this case that Mr. Corey's personal reputation has been greatly injured. Nevertheless, unless the *Times* knows more about the Coreys than the newspapers have printed, it does not know quite enough to warrant it in going to the last extreme of condemnation. Corey quit his wife. That was wrong on the face of it. But just how wrong it was—how inexcusable—one can hardly judge from what has been in print. When man and wife fall out it commonly happens that there was fault on both sides. It is not always so; it may not have been so in this case; but who knows whether it was so or not? Does the *Times* know? All Corey's relatives seem to have sided with his wife. That

looks bad for him; everything looks bad for him. And yet it is conceivable that there are things to be said in extenuation of his behavior.

In most cases it is hard to get absolutely to the bottom of a lapse of relations between man and wife. It is impossible to do so unless one has personal knowledge of both the parties.

Suspicious

"MOTHER," says the doubting wife, "I do not believe Henry is all that he should be."

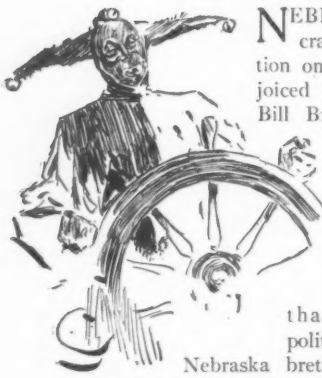
"What is wrong with him now, Agnes? A short time ago you were complaining that he stayed out too late of nights. Is he staying out later than ever?"

"No. He spends every evening at home now, and really that looks to me as though he had something on his conscience."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. AUGUST 30, 1906. No. 1244.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



NEBRASKA Democrats in convention on August 15 rejoiced that Colonel Bill Bryan had "become the first citizen of the world," and beamed proudly on Nebraska as the State that gave him political birth. Our

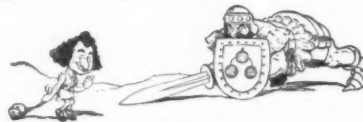
Nebraska brethren mix their laudations strong, but now is their chance. Every man of them, no doubt, will be in New York this week and see his peerless fellow-statesman receive the dizziest welcome that this metropolis has offered to any Democrat with a made-abroad reputation since the arches stood and the crowds gathered in honor of Admiral George Dewey. Bland be the gales and staunch the screw that speed the homecoming of the people's William to his admiring brethren! All the same, the Nebraskans overstated him a little. Luckily for Colonel Bryan, he is not the world's first citizen yet. If he were, his goose would be as good as cooked. He could not possibly last two years on such a pinnacle. As it is, the question is whether there is not at this date more gas in his balloon than is safe, considering it will be two years yet before he can risk another ascension?

However, here's wishing Colonel Bryan many happy returns and a lot of fun at this one. Only pleasant things are being said about him. He is credited with taking things easy and not without humor. Nothing would seem better adapted to make him last as the Democratic leader than an infusion of humor into his deportment. Whether he will be the next Democratic candidate and, if so, whether or not he will be elected President ought to turn upon his views on several difficult questions of state-

craft. He will, of course, be for tariff revision. But how much? And what will he have to suggest about State and Federal ownership of railroads? If he has convictions on that subject he is liable to blurt them out, and if he does, they will be minutely scrutinized, and votes will turn on them.

They tell us he has planned to leave home again in a few weeks and visit Australia and New Zealand, the countries of political experiment. That would be a course of prudence, but not so easy a course after this present visit as if he had stayed away. Once the bonfire is started it needs tending.

But meantime, welcome back, Brother Bryan! Pull your halo down hard on your head so it won't blow away, and a good time to you!



MR. JEROME, they tell us, is to run for governor of New York. Good news! We all know Mr. Jerome. He is a live man and active in current affairs. To elect him governor of New York would mean something. He is the right man for the Democrats to nominate, but the Democratic organization "up the State" in New York has fallen into a condition of such decrepitude that no man is ready to forecast the action of a Democratic State Convention. But we hear that Mr. Jerome will run with, or without, the Democratic nomination. Here's hoping that is true. It will mean a campaign in which whatever is expedient to say will be said, besides much that is inexpedient, and in which what is necessary to do will stand a chance of being done. At this juncture no other Democrat would make so inspiring a candidate as Mr. Jerome.



ACCORDING to all the accounts, Mr. Secretary Root is more than fulfilling hopes and expectations in his South American pilgrimage. It is a true missionary journey he is making, and

the purpose of it may be accurately defined as the diffusion of peace on earth and good will to men. To be sure, Mr. Root's journey may result and should result in some betterment of trade relations between our country and the southern republics he goes to see, but its higher purpose is to dissolve doubts and suspicions, to remove misunderstanding, to promote the best methods of settling future disputes that may arise with European nations and to increase the solidarity of all the American governments. The errand is worthy of Mr. Root's abilities and character, and he is carrying it out with admirable success.

Mr. Root is one of the men who ought to be kept in the service of the country for the rest of his days. That he will ever be President seems not very likely, but he is one of the two men who might profitably represent the State of New York in the Senate. The other man is President Roosevelt. If these two should be the successors of Messrs. Platt and Depew, how handsome a replacement that would be! It is pretty well understood that Mr. Roosevelt's choice of an occupation, when his present term as President expires, would be to go to the Senate as successor to Mr. Platt. It does not seem certain that he would like the job, but if he wants it, and the people of the State have any say in the matter, it will be his.

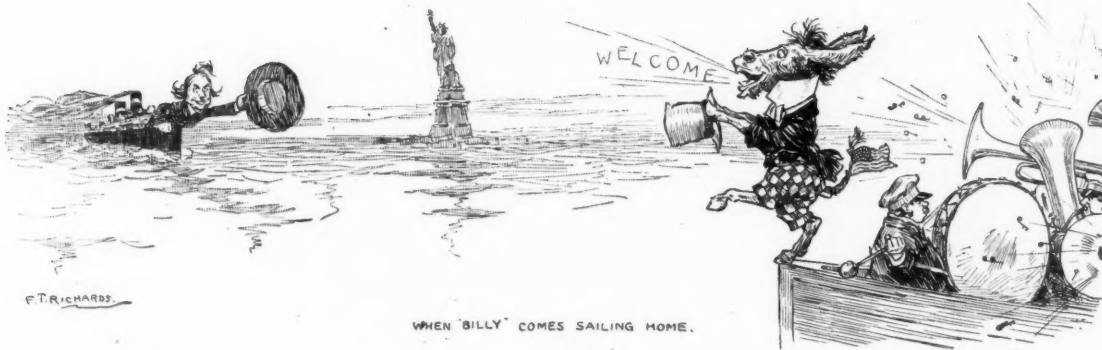


HERE it is the end of summer again—a summer of unusual meteorological vicissitudes, good for crops and for mosquitoes, and pretty trying, at times, for folks and for icemen. Now drifts back to the cities the great army of sojourners in the country; now the schools begin to begin and the chalk marks to be washed off the city houses and the great shops to swarm once more with buyers of autumn raiment. Congressional and State elections are coming on, and very interesting they will be. The President is going to Panama, and that will be interesting. All the time the Russian pot keeps boiling in spite of all the world's watching of it. We have a lively autumn ahead of us this year.



ONE BAD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

AUGUST



F. RICHARDS

WHEN 'BILLY' COMES SAILING HOME.



TESTING THE "SICK MAN'S" MEDICINES.



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Edward White	5 00
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J. F. Bishop	80 00
Miss Betty Balch	1 00
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Ray Ogden Tod	25 00
"Algy"	10 00
M. H.	4 00
A Little Play by Some Little Girls at Yonkers	2 50
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Grenell Island Sunday School	7 25
S. C. H.	5 00
"Bread on the Waters"	3 00
Total	\$4,022 26

Acknowledged with Thanks

- 3 bbl. Norway Mackerel.
- 1 box Boneless Codfish, from Seaboard Trading Company, New York City.
- 3 bbls. Brownsville Crackers, from Chatland & Lenhart.
- 1 pkg. Clothing, from Mr. Morris Gotlieb, Ridgefield, Conn.
- 1 pkg. Clothing, from Mrs. E. E. Haggens, Tarrytown, New York.
- 1 pkg. Clothing, from "A Friend," Sparkill, N. Y.

A Chance for All



A TIMELY article in a Boston paper has called the attention of Boston newsboys and of Boston bootblacks to the money they may make by betting on the turf.

It bears in headlines the alluring legend, "Boys with Pluck and Brains Win Thousands on the Track"; and it gives several striking instances of such admirable and merited good fortune. Especially, it tells the story of one little Irish lad living in the Boston slums, who, "with no other advantages than those afforded by the ordinary public schools, coupled with the advice of a good mother, and a father who worked from dawn to dark to keep his family from want," has by his own ability and enterprise made a comfortable income on the turf. He began by saving up twenty dollars, risked it on "Water Pearl," won two hundred and fifty dollars, and since then has pursued a useful, honorable and successful career of betting and bookmaking.

Interviewed by a reporter, this example to all Boston youth modestly stated that he early realized the difficulty of making "any great headway" in the ordinary avocations of life. "So I looked around for some way to increase my income. And I found it in horse racing."

Too much stress cannot be laid on such instances of deserved prosperity. Betting is such a rational means to an end, it embodies so ably the spirit of national endeavor, it is at once so stimulating and so entirely practical; that we cannot urge it too insistently upon boys eager to grow rapidly rich. There is something very touching in that line about a good mother's advice, and in the comfortable assurance that the public schools of Boston supply all the instruction necessary for such a useful career. To have "no other advantages than those afforded by the ordinary public schools," and yet to be able to make money on the turf, is a well deserved tribute to education.

Agnes Repplier.



WHY THEY MARRIED

MARY THOUGHT HER HUSBAND THE FINEST ANYWHERE.
HE WAS THE SATISFACTION OF HER LIFE;
HE KNEW TOO MUCH TO EVER SAY, "WHY DON'T YOU DYE YOUR HAIR?"
OR PRAISE ANOTHER WOMAN TO HIS WIFE!

STEVE LOOKED FOR A CAPTAIN, AND NOT FOR A MATE,
AND HIS FRIENDS ALL AGREE SHE WAS FOUND.
WHY, THEY SAY THAT THE REASON HE'S PUTTING ON WEIGHT
IS BECAUSE SHE JUST ORDERED HIM ROUND.



"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN"

A Laggard

OH LITTLE Afterthought, I wish
You had not come to me,
For with myself I otherwise
Quite satisfied should be.
You're excellent, but I deplore
That you should not have come before.

Why is it that you are not prompt,
But saunter in instead,
When all the things I've done are done,
And all I've said is said?
Of nuisances you are the worst;
Don't come, unless you come at first!

Eunice Ward.

The Etiquette of Calls

A SOCIETY for the suppression of the call ought to be forthwith established. The call is no longer necessary, and needs to be abolished.

Under the present system one lady may know another lady intimately. She may go shopping with her daily. She may dine at the same restaurant and in the

same houses. She may play cards with her five nights a week. But if she does not return her formal call within a prescribed time, she is not to be recognized henceforth.

The origin of the formal call is lost in obscurity. Its lack of fitness or sense indicates that it may have arisen in the first lunatic asylum.

When about to make a formal call, the average woman puts on the best she has and walks, rides or otherwise propels herself to the home of the callee, purposely not acquainting her with her deadly design, in order to take her at as great a disadvantage as possible. The callee keeps the caller waiting for ten or fifteen minutes until she has put *her* best clothes on, inwardly excoriating the Fates because the parlor isn't dusted, and descends upon her visitor with an angel smile and a heart of wrath.

The visitor sits on the edge of a chair fifteen minutes, admires the furniture

and the view from the window and departs with an outward, "So glad you were home," and an inward, "That's over."

The callee is then It.

If she doesn't get back within a certain time her friends begin to greet her as if she had just stepped out of a refrigerator.

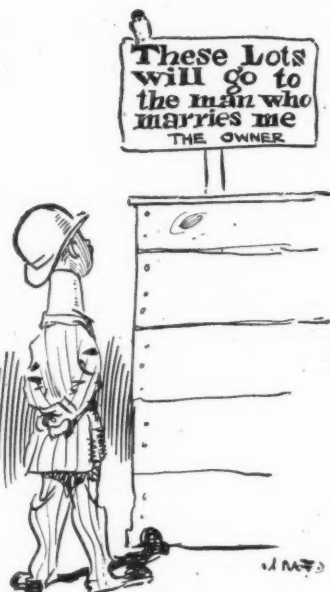
Friendship among women has never been a staple article of commerce. Perhaps when it is the call will be a thing of the past. We can only hope for the best.

T. M.

WITH some the wedding is the beginning; with others, the end.

CLERK: What kind of a hammock do you want, miss?

SUMMER GIRL: Oh, a little one. Just about big enough for one—but—er—strong enough for two.



FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK

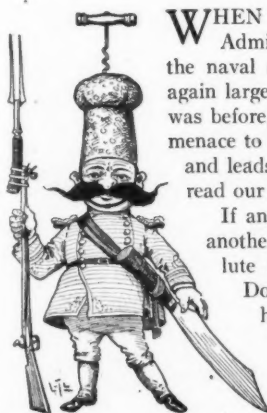


MORE TO THE POINT

Insurance Agent: MR. HAPGOOD, I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU ABOUT TAKING OUT INSURANCE. I CAN WRITE YOU THE BEST KIND OF POLICIES—DEATH, FIRE, BURLGLARY, ACCIDENT OR CYCLONE.

Hiram Hapgood: SAY, IF YOU'VE GOT AN INSURANCE POLICY THAT'LL INSURE THE INSURANCE COMPANIES, I'LL TALK WITH YOU.

Pax Vobiscum



WHEN the Financial Secretary of the British Admiralty, addressing himself to the fact that the naval expenditure of the Great Powers is half again larger since The Hague Conference than it was before, confesses to the belief that this is a menace to the peace of the world, he astonishes us, and leads us almost to suspect that he has not read our President's messages understandingly.

If anything is more thoroughly settled than another, leaving out of comparison such absolute fixities as Kepler's Laws, the Monroe Doctrine, and the shape of gents' spring hats, it is that wooing peace is not the way to get definite results. Peace has got to be bullied, much as if she were China, or a member of Congress with a mind of his' own. Obviously, this means fighting gear, and lots of it. In the words of the grand old song:

Obviously, this means fighting gear, and lots of it. In the words of the grand old song:

"If you don't want to fight,
By Jing! the thing to do
Is to have no end of ships, and men,
And, of course, of money, too."

It will never do to make peace too cheap. To die for one's country is as sweet as ever it was, and where a high-spirited people are not permitted to fall in battle, they naturally demand to be taxed to death, or know the reason why.

Morals

Jockeys, as a general thing, it is sad to relate, are honest only because it does not pay them to be anything else.—*New York Evening Post.*

WHAT can it be that singles jockeys out, and sets them apart from mankind at large, in this unhappy way? Are we to conclude that constant association with horses, hitherto esteemed the noblest of beasts, has the effect of impairing the moral fibre of the human nature?

At all events, it is fortunate that relatively few can ever become jockeys. Indeed, when we consider that only men who weigh less than 110 pounds are fit to ride in races, it almost seems as if Providence, after all, were rather on the side of sound morals.

WISDOM is dearly won by loss of the power of wondering.

Instruction by Correspondence

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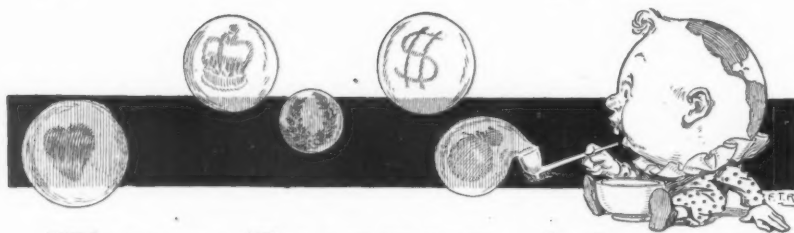
LIFE
Aug. 30, '06

Baker



THE BATTLE OF BUNCO





THIS BUBBLE WORLD

ACCORDING to Mr. Bryan, he will discuss sixteen to one no more.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

All the same, the voter wants to know where the Colonel stands on that question before chipping in his dollar for the celebration.

Now that Mrs. Roosevelt has joined with Queen Alexandra in condemning the use of the "aigrette" as a millinery ornament, the white heron may stalk its native marshes in comparative peace and safety.—*Norfolk Pilot*.

Not so long as there are fool women who let their milliners furnish their brains.

Maxim Gorky is writing about art.—*Washington Star*.

He should get Anthony to help him. Afterward he might help Anthony write a book on morals.

Pittsburg is to have an all-night bank.—*Chicago News*.

An all-night divorce court would do more business in that town.

Even if the Sage heirs were inclined to be content, the lawyers could hardly afford to permit it.—*Detroit News*.

Suggesting that a lawyer who would help contest the Sage will comes pretty near being a licensed black-mailer.

The cause of hay fever in men is the kissing of grass widows.—*Kansas City Journal*.

And do women get it from kissing hayseeds?

An Italian lady who recently died evinced her appreciation of her favorite newspaper by leaving a legacy of \$3,000 to the journal, explaining that she did so "in recognition of my gratitude for having been so often entertained by it."—*Nashville Banner*.

A most excellent example.

A Philadelphia paper recommends carbonate of soda for snake bites.—*Boston Herald*.

But it won't be half so popular.

Speaking of political payrolls, it does beat the Dutch how Hearst's money holds out.—*Boston Traveler*.

Explained by the fact that The Martyr selected the right kind of a mother.

There is poetical justice in the accidental shooting of a St. Louis baggage-smasher. He roughly handled a suit case and a loaded revolver inside went off.—*Baltimore American*.

A "Useful Hint for Those About to Travel."

About the least important of last week's events was that the world suddenly became aware of the existence of a Mr. Seymour Eaton.—*Providence Tribune*.

Many already knew him through his alluring invitations to subscribe to the capital stock of The Booklovers Library.

Anthony seems to be every variety of fool united in one person.—*Houston Post*.

But what about the Post Office Department whose commission he holds?

A South Carolina candidate for governor has been arrested for talking too much.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Better keep out of South Carolina, Colonel.

Is it at all certain that religious services—in which amateur singing plays a part—do the patients at a hospital any good?—*Buffalo Commercial*.

What difference does a little misery more or less make to a poor, helpless devil in a hospital cot?

Hobson finds in the shooting of the Japanese poachers another argument for a larger navy.—*Baltimore American*.

There is a rumor that the fool-killer has his book open at the H page.

A New York man has left his wife because he says she is too fat.—*Rochester Democrat*.

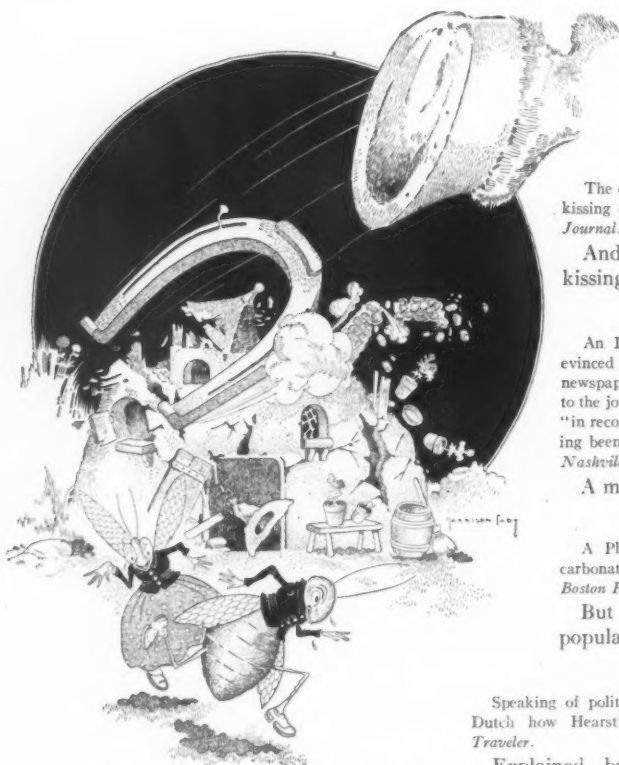
If the practice becomes prevalent New York will soon beat the world in plump grass widows.

A politician of the godly city of Brotherly Love committed suicide yesterday because of the intense heat in the city.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Out of the frying pan?

The Poets' Club, of New York, has reached the conclusion that Comstock has neither rhyme nor reason.—*Hartford Times*.

But he's clever enough to work some collection of simpletons for a salary.



Mr. Buzzum: GEE! SOME FOLKS SAY HORSESHOES ARE LUCKY, BUT I DON'T SEE WHERE IT COMES IN.





"COME ON, BOYS! DINNER IS READY!"

THE LATEST BOOKS

THE history of American slavery and enfranchisement written by George S. Merriam and called *The Negro and the Nation* comes very near, indeed, to being first-class history. Mr. Merriam's qualifications and his method are both of a high order. He is possessed of thorough knowledge, calm judgment and a keen analytical intuition. He is master of a simple, dignified and plastic English. He has, on occasion, the gift of putting a two-quart situation into a half-pint paragraph and corking it with a critical comment. His book is a valuable study and a delightful companion.

Those who remember Elizabeth Godfrey as the author of *The Winding Road*, a sad but magnetically sympathetic story published four years ago, will be attracted by her name on the cover of a new novel, called *The Bridal of Anstace*. It by no means follows that they will like the new book, although if they pierce beyond the rind of what will impress them as shallow and sensational romanticism, they will find pleasant company. The story follows the life of an attractive woman who is living perdu in a rough English coast village, after having been deserted at the altar by a somewhat unconvincing Greek husband.

The Way of the Gods is a Japanese romance by John Luther Long, which to a certain extent is also a Japanesque ro-

mance, in that it exhibits intentional traces of Japanese literary influence. In this regard, however, Mr. Long's work is more suggestive of Mr. Belasco than of Lafcadio Hearn, and we may without injustice regard his tragedy merely as current fiction, with a foreign flavor. It is, however, a change from the overfamiliar moonlight-on-the-inland-sea effects.

Alice Mabel Bacon's volume of Japanese stories, *In the Land of the Gods*, is, on the other hand, quite frankly inspired by Mr. Hearn's work and in a modest way is supplemental to it. The stories are either paraphrases of Japanese legends or founded upon alleged occurrences of the present time, and are all illustrative of native beliefs and superstitions. They are simply and effectively told. Miss Bacon has been a teacher in the celebrated Peeresses School at Tokyo.

The Way of an Indian, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington, is a piece of imaginative biography after the popular school of modern natural history. Mr. Remington tells us the story of a Sioux warrior very much as Mr. Roberts tells us that of the Red Fox or as Mr. Seton does that of Raub, the bear. The chances are that he is nearer the psychological truth than they, but it is undeniable that he is less entertaining.

The second volume of selected American stories which are being published under the editorship of W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden bears the title of *Under the Sunset*, and contains ten tales by as many writers. Were we to assume that



WEIGHING THEM

these selections are broadly typical, neither volume would arouse much literary patriotism. But the fact seems to be that the editors have confined their choice to stories embodying a more or less refined sentimentality, and from this point of view *Under the Sunset* is thoroughly representative of the best contemporary work.

When you drive in on Saturday afternoon to get a book from the library, don't take home *The Waybackers*, by Joe Cone. It contains a series of character sketches done with a very dull pencil. It abounds in very flat stories told in very broad dialect. It is the literary equivalent of boiled fresh codfish, unseasoned.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Negro and the Nation. By George S. Merriam. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.)

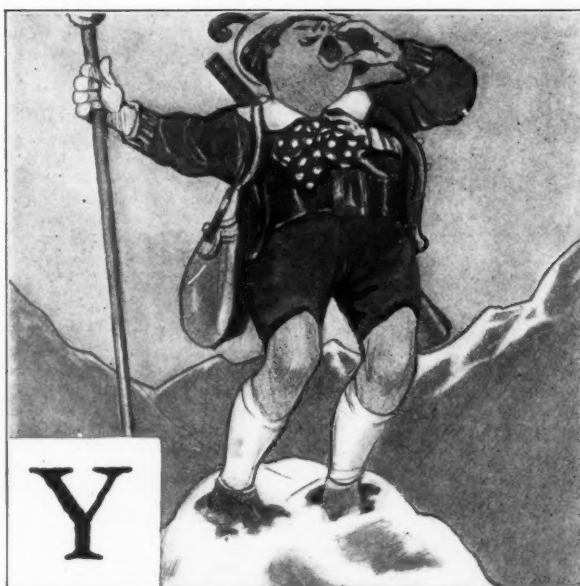
The Bridal of Anstace. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (The John Lane Company.)



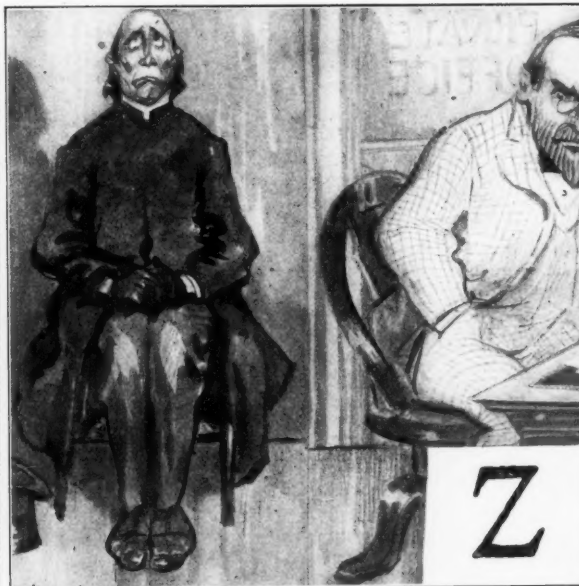
MOST PEOPLE WOULD SUCCEED IN SMALL THINGS IF THEY WERE NOT TROUBLED WITH GREAT AMBITIONS.—Longfellow

AN ALPHABET OF BORES

BY OLIVER HERFORD



Y IS the Yodeler whose Yell
Wakes the Echo, on Mountain or Fell.
"Poor Echo!" I say,
"To be wakened each day
By a sound like a Feline unwell."



Z IS the Zealot whose Zeal
Takes the form of "An Urgent Appeal."
Tho' you wriggle and squirm
And protest, he sits firm
Till he lands you at last like an Eel.

The Way of the Gods. By John Luther Long.
(The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)
In the Land of the Gods. By Alice Mabel Bacon.
(Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)
The Way of an Indian. By Frederic Remington.
(Fox, Duffield and Company.)
Under the Sunset. Edited by W. D. Howells and
H. M. Alden. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.)
The Waybackers. By Joe Cone. (The Colonial
Press, Boston.)

The Seashore and the Public

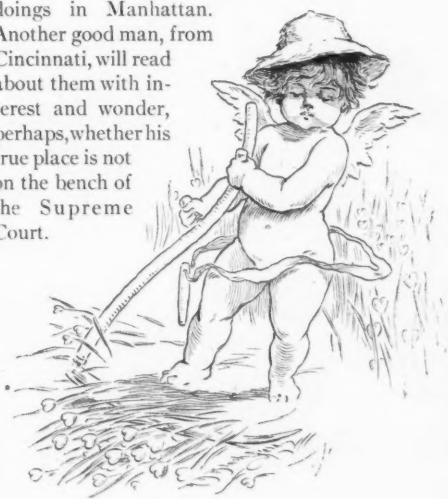
THE newspapers make painful record of conflicts between the town authorities of the imperial village of Oyster Bay and sundry householders thereof anent a claim of the village to a right of way along the said householders and the salt Sound. The village officers have been tearing down the householders' piers, and there have been griefs that will have to be settled in court. It is naturally displeasing to the householders to have their piers pulled down, but any shore

village in these parts, or anywhere between New Orleans and Bar Harbor, that has a legal claim to waterfront privileges does well in these days to try hard to make its claim good. The whole Eastern seashore of the United States is rapidly going into private hands, and the need is urgent for villages and settlements everywhere to obtain or preserve all rights of access to the salt water that they can.

A Hair of the Dog

THE Bryan reception on August 30 in New York promises to be an extraordinary gathering. The hotel men are wondering where they can put the people who have sent word they are coming. A hair of the dog that bit it is the new prescription for the Democratic party, and the party seems to be taking kindly to the idea. There is a good man

at Oyster Bay who will want to see the doings in Manhattan. Another good man, from Cincinnati, will read about them with interest and wonder, perhaps, whether his true place is not on the bench of the Supreme Court.



THE REAPER



Life

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
—Young.
Life's a short summer, man is but a flower.
—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die,
—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh.
—Prior.
To be is better far than not to be,
—Séwall.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—Spenser.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
—Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
—Raleigh.
Thy fate is but the common fate of all,
—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
—Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
—Churchill.
Custom doth often reason overrule,
—Rochester.
And turns a cruel sunshine on a fool.
—Armstrong.
Live well, how long or short permits to Heaven,
—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
—Bailey.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.
—Crowley.
Oh, then, renounce that unpious self-esteem,
—Beattie.
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream;
—Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
—Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!
—Gray.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
—Dryden.

The way to bliss lies not on path of down.
—Quarles.
How long we live not years but actions tell;
—Watkins.
The man lives twice who lives the first life well.
—Herrick.
The trust that's given, guard and to yourself be just,
—Dana.
For live now how we may, yet die we must.
—Shakespeare.
—Rochester Union and Advertiser.



A STAR-LING CONJUNCTION AS SEEN FROM MARS, PROVING BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THE MOON WAS ONCE A PART OF THE EARTH

HARD TO TELL

The worried proof-reader wrinkled his weary brow as he read over the slip he held for the twentieth consecutive time with less apprehension each time of its meaning.
"I wish I knew for sure," he groaned as he tied his tenth wet towel around his head, "if this is just 'pi' they are afraid to own up to or really that essay by Henry James that was sent up to-day?"—Baltimore American.

A WEDDING INVITATION

Mr. Black regrets that he
Must impart the information
That he can't accept with glee
Mrs. White's kind invitation.
Candidly he must avow,
Risking being thought unpleasant,
That his means do not allow
Of the purchase of a present.
Mr. Black, too, would remind
Mrs. White, without evasion,
That they've met, through Fate unkind,
Only upon one occasion.
As for the prospective bride,
Her no doubt delightful daughter,
If her form he'd ever eyed
Something he perhaps had brought her.
Mr. Black must, therefore, state,
Taking all things in conjunction,
That he can't participate
In this fashionable function.
He is neither millionaire
Nor a dog inclined to mangers;
He's just one who cannot spare
Charities for perfect strangers.
—London Tribune.

THOMPSON WELCOMES GALLINGER

During the summer Senator and Mrs. Gallinger visited Keene, N. H., and learning that Denman Thompson was at home in Swanzey, and being a great admirer of Mr. Thompson and his play, the senator expressed a wish to meet him off the stage and to see his fine home. An old friend of Mr. Thompson offered to drive down. Therefore, one fine morning they drove down to Mr. Thompson's house. He came out, without coat or hat, hands behind his back, as usual. The following conversation ensued:
Denman: "How'd do, Bill?"
Bill: "How are you, Den? Mr. Thompson, I want to introduce Senator and Mrs. Gallinger."
Senator Gallinger: "Mr. Thompson, I have witnessed your great production, 'The Old Homestead,' many times, and always with the greatest pleasure, but I want to say it is with still greater pleasure that I am permitted to greet you in your own beautiful home in old Swanzey."
Denman: "Yas, it's cheaper."—Boston Herald.

RUDE HASTE

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tones, "Let go the sheet." No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick." Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:
"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"
"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."—New York Evening Post.

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AROUND THE WORLD

Small, high-class parties leave San Francisco, Oct. 5, 30, Nov. 20; Eastward, from New York, Dec. 8, Jan. 5; Japan, China, India, Burmah, Egypt, etc. Most liberal arrangements. Illustrated programs ready. Frank C. Clark, 96 B'way, N. Y.

The Managers' Rights

WITH such a preponderance of judicial opinion in its favor, we must accept the decision as a good one, while it stands. But it cannot but have a tendency to weaken the force and lessen the value of newspaper criticism, for it will be generally regarded as a fact that managers will admit only those critics that can be depended upon to give favorable criticisms. We cannot believe that Mr. Metcalfe was barred from the theaters owned and controlled by the trust because his comments were unfair or prejudiced.

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That they certainly were not. But he had been unsparing in his criticism of the trust and its methods and in that way he incurred the displeasure of the managers.—*Utica Observer*

"WAITER, bring me some iodoform soup, a germ-proof steak and some sterilized potatoes."

"Yes, sah. What'll you have to drink, sah?"

"I guess I'll have a cup of antiseptic tea. And, by the way, tell the barkeep to fix me a listerine cocktail for an appetizer."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*

Too Good to Be True

A SUCCESSFUL financier, with a reputation for conservatism, was approached by a callow but hopeful friend seeking advice in regard to an intended investment.

"Jones wants me to take some mining stock that he says will pay at least 50 per cent. per annum and is a sure thing," he said.

The financier stroked his mustache. "Well," he said, slowly, "personally I should prefer 5 per cent. with a little uncertainty."—*Woman's Home Companion*

A business man says "I believe I could safely sort my letters face downward, depending only upon the quality of the paper for a guide. I have never thrown away unread a letter written on

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AN ASTOUNDING REPLY

One day at Latin recitation Johnny Jones was so drowsy that when the professor asked for the conjugation of a certain verb he failed to catch it, and, turning to his bosom friend, inquired, "What verb?"

"Damfino," whispered his classmate.

"Damfino, Damfinare, damfinavi, damfinatum!" said Johnny Jones to the horrified professor.—Margaret Kirby Taylor, in *Lippincott's*.

PAPA: No, he's not the proper sort of a husband for you, my dear.

DAUGHTER: Oh, papa! He'd die for me!

"Oh, that's all right—tell him to go as far as he likes. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

INCIDENTALS

"This bill for your new frock is really a bit high," observes the plutocrat to his daughter. "Six thousand dollars is considerable to pay just for an auto suit."

"But, papa, the suit itself really is quite inexpensive. The most of that bill is for the trimmings."

"Trimmings?"

"Yes. I spent \$5,200 for an auto of the right tint to match the suit."—*Exchange*.

The meanest of all men who edit
Are those who clip and don't give credit.—*Judge*.

Nay, meaner still are those who range
Our stuff and credit to—*Exchange*.

—*New York Mail*.

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HE: I would like to visit your town some time.

SHE: If you ever come within a mile of our place I hope you'll stop there.—*Lehigh Burr*.

FOREMAN (at the door): Did yer husband hov a new suit av clo'es on this mor-min', Mrs. O'Malley?

MRS. O'MALLEY: He did.

"They're roomed entirely."

"How did ut happen?"

"He was blown up be a charge av dinnymite."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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BY ACCLAMATION

Tom Platt is dissatisfied with his political career. That makes it unanimous.—*Chicago News*.

This is from "The Champagne Standard," by Mrs. John Lane: "The well-authenticated story goes that at a dinner party the other night, after the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the hostess, her broad expanse tinkling with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of the lady's maid. "Françoise," said the magnate's lady, with languid magnificence, "I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."

EDUCATION FOR THE MASSES

Sign on a factory: "Cast Iron Sinks."—*Princeton Tiger*.

HEALTH AND REST; NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

AN OLD negro preacher, after exhorting his listeners to align themselves on the side of right and righteousness, went about through his congregation, putting the invitation to each one to "Come jine de army ob de Lord."

"I'se done jined," responded one old uncle, to whom the plea was made. "I'se done jined long ago—jined de Baptists."

"Why, brudder," returned the preacher, "you'se ain't jined de army at all—you'se belongs to de navy."—*Scissors*.

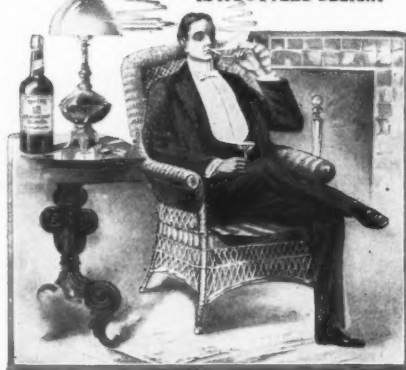
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Mr. Metcalfe Loses

JAMES S. METCALFE, dramatic critic, has finally been worsted in his fight against the Theatrical Trust. He was very free and frank and often severe in his comments on stage performances, and many readers looked to them for an honest opinion of the plays as they were produced in New York theaters. Incidentally, he occasionally scored the management of the theaters and ascribed many of the faults and deficiencies of the stage to the predominance of Hebraic characteristics among the managers.

Ostensibly because of his references to racial and religious traits, but really, as Metcalfe and his friends believe, because he told the truth too plainly about the plays, the New York managers agreed to keep him out of their theaters. He brought suit against them, charging them with entering into a criminal conspiracy to prevent him from earning a living by his profession. A lower court held his complaint good, but the State Supreme Court has just held that the owner or manager of a theater can keep out or admit any one he pleases.

The effect of this decision is likely to make it more difficult than ever for the public to get exact information as to the character of plays presented, for, as the matter now stands, managers are at liberty to exclude the representatives of any paper whose criticisms do not chance to please them. The decision in regard to their act touching Metcalfe is apparently not based on the racial allusions to which they object, and which might rightly enough have been judiciously condemned, but merely recites that no crime was committed in excluding him from their houses. This leaves them free to close their doors on other outspoken and honest critics who may say adverse things. They are at liberty, for instance, to shut out that uncompromising veteran, William Winter. They will do well, however, to use their privileges with discretion, for popular opinion is not in their favor. In fact, with the exception of Winter and Metcalfe, no dramatic critic in New York is free from suspicion of being controlled by them. If Mr. Metcalfe shall choose to appeal to the highest court the tables may possibly be turned again. —*Indianapolis News.*

A Theater a Private Place

THE decision of the court is to the contrary, namely, that no man has a right to enter a theater except by the permission of the proprietors or managers thereof. Of course, if he buys a ticket, presents it at the door and is denied admission, he has a right to demand the return of his money. In the long run that conduct on their part will do them more harm than it does Metcalfe. It will not prevent adverse criticism by any means. The theater appeals to the public for patronage. It does not publicly announce that certain men or certain persons will not be admitted, and its ticket office is open to the sale of tickets to anybody and everybody. It does seem unreasonable that a man who behaves himself while in the theater or about it shall not be admitted therein because as a writer for the press he criticizes the performance or the manner in which the theater or place of amusement is conducted. —*Sandusky (Ohio) Register.*



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